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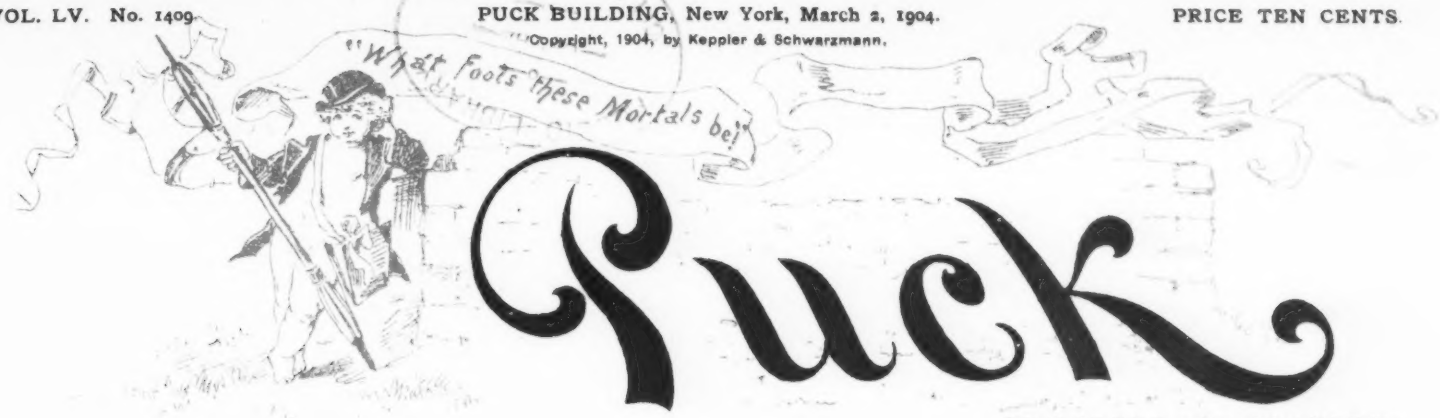

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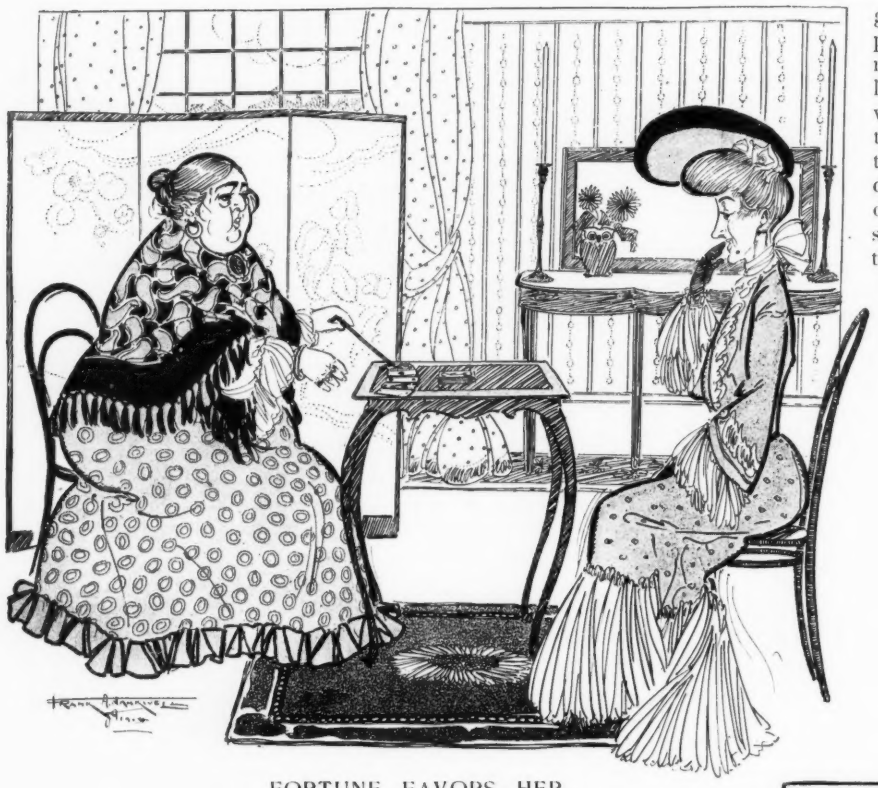
THE OLD SALT SALUTES.



FORTUNE FAVORS HER.

MISS OLDGIRL.—Will I marry the man of my choice?
FORTUNE TELLER.—Yes! But make no mistake; the cards say you will have but one choice.

A FUTURE CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

AFTER a protracted agitation a bill to abolish the House of Lords passed the House of Commons. When it went to the House of Lords, however, although many of the peers recognized that it was quite a reasonable measure, in view of the fact that they were of no use whatever, others resisted stoutly, and finally the bill was thrown out by a large majority.

But the British people had made up their minds and adhered to their resolution with bull-dog tenacity. In the following session the House of Commons passed another bill. The measure was again debated by the peers. In executive session a majority conceded that they ought to have abolished themselves long ago, but they could find no precedent for such a thing. The history of England was thoroughly searched but it failed to show any occasion on which the House of Lords had abolished itself; and it was felt that it would be very un-English to do anything for which no precedent could be found. The bill was therefore rejected.

But public feeling rose very high. Some agitators clamored for the abolition of the Lords without their consent, but this was generally considered a shocking proposition. However, the movement was kept up and, at the following session, a monster petition was presented to the Lords praying them to abolish themselves and setting forth that if they persistently declined to do so, the people might do it, anyhow, which would be a severe blow to the British Constitution. And, after a long and stormy session, the Peers decided that, perhaps, after all, there was no help for it and they did abolish themselves to the delight of all right thinking men in Great Britain and elsewhere.

Wm. E. McKenna.

THE GRUMBLER.

WE ALL have known this kind of man;—
He vigorously kicks;
In Winter frost and Summer sun,
We find him at his tricks.

And so, to satisfy his soul,
'T would have to come to pass
That he could gaily mow the snow
And shovel off the grass.

McLandburgh Wilson.

A WARM PROPOSITION.

CHOLLY SIMIAN.—Positively when Miss Hippo blushed it raised the temperature of the room ten degrees.

One can't very well get sunshine out of life without putting some back in.

PROPERLY NON-COMMITTAL.

"How old are you, Granny?"

"Oh! Don't be askin' sich questions! I 'm not that old that I want everybody to know it!"

HIS GREAT HEAD.

FARMER HONK.—I s'pose your nephew has been a great help to you since he graduated from the academy?

FARMER BENTOVER.—Well, no—not so 's you could notice it. You see, he 's been so busy figgerin' on a plan for interestin' capital in a scheme to build a railroad from Hudson Bay to Paragua, and make the everlastin' fortunes of everybody connected with it, by shippin' broken icebergs to Paragua, where they don't have ice, and carryin' back pampas plumes to Hudson Bay—it 's kept him so steadily engaged, in fact, that he hain't had time to do anything else but eat.

PROFICIENCY.

He was a cornet soloist, indeed, but by no means witless.

"Musical proficiency," said he, "is a matter of give and take."

"Eh? Give and take what?"

"Pains," he said, illustrating his notion by running a few scales.

PEDESTRIANISM.

"Devoted to billiards, is he?"

"Very. His walk in life is mainly around a billiard table."

FIRE-WATER.

As it chanced, Scotch whiskey was the first whiskey the Indians came in contact with.

At once they tasted the liquor, they exclaimed:

"Where there 's smoke, there 's fire."

First impressions abide, and to this day these people call whiskey fire-water.

READY TO TAKE A HAND.

SATAN.—Walk right in and get acquainted with the fiends.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Thanks! Whereabouts are the poker fiends?

THE FIRST STEP.

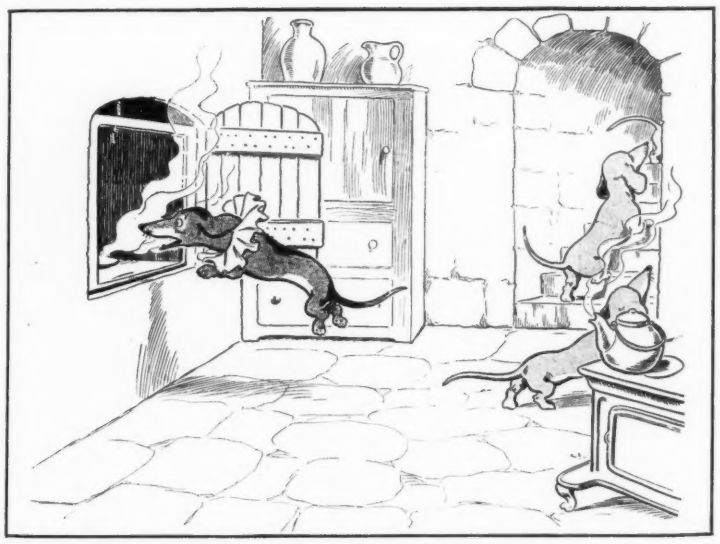
HELEN.—Oh, dear! How shall we ever learn to operate this motor car?

GRACE.—Well, as a starter, we might throw away the book of instructions.

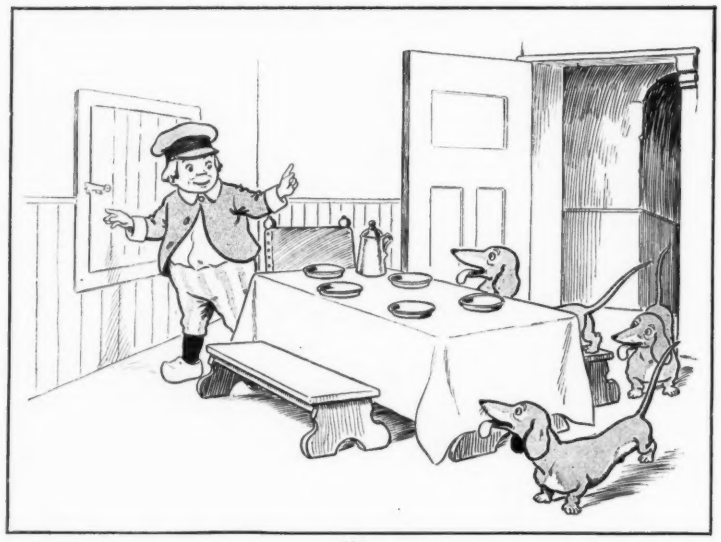
HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 29.

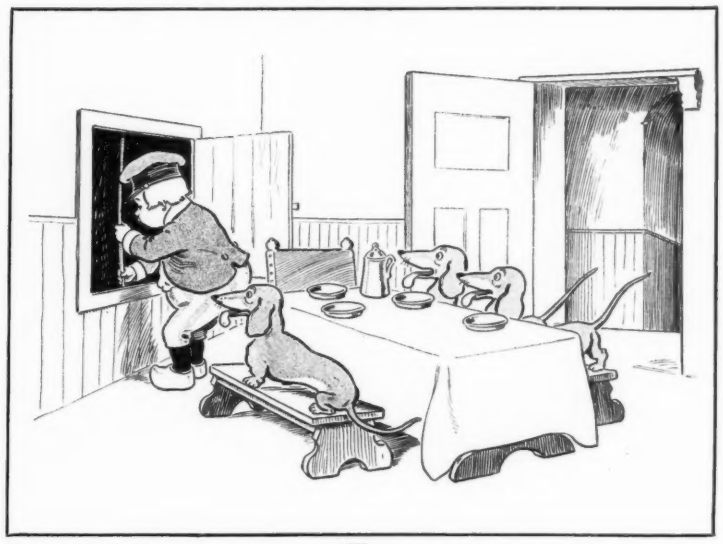
I.
"We cook," said Hans, "then hoist and eat;
Our new dumb-waiter 's hard to beat."



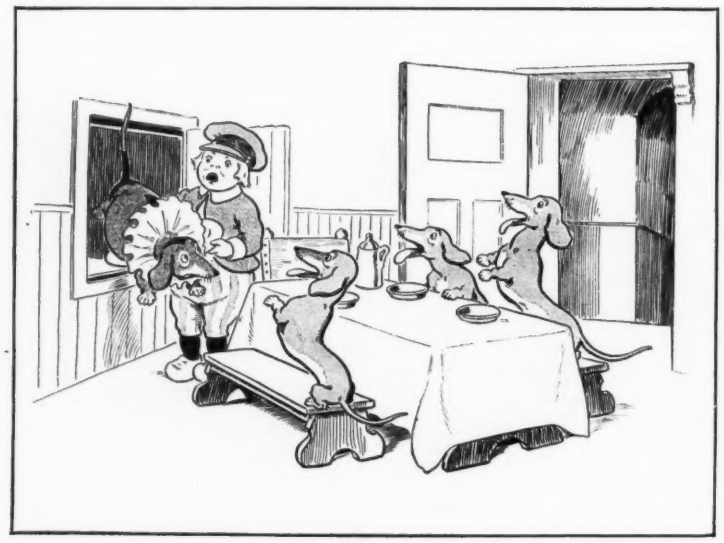
II.
"Did Hans say hard?" quoth Dackel. "Why,
To beat this thing 's like finding pie."



III.
"Dumb-waiters are a luxury;
You live in style," cried Hans, "you three!



IV.
"For sausages, these weigh a lot—
And yet, three pounds was all I got."



V.
"Dear Hans," said Dackel, "I agree;
Dumb-waiters *are* a luxury."

VI.
"Be off!" spoke Hans; "without a question
A three-mile run will aid digestion!"

He that hath ears to hear, let him fight shy of the aurist.

DORA HORNE.

By the Author of "She Loved, but He Moved Away," "Lady Jezebel's Lovers," "Genevieve," "A Grandmother's Sin," etc.

DORA HORNE was a tolerably honest working girl, the daughter of poor but otherwise respectable parents. She had originally been yclept "Betsy;" but, as she grew older, in some mysterious manner her praenomen gradually evolved into the more euphonious "Dora."

Dora toiled in the great breakfast-food mills of Hawkwood & Son, manufacturers of the famous health cereal, "Fakir Wheat." As a toiler, she averaged about $2.50 worth of work each week, receiving therefor the meager stipend of $4.75. On a similar basis, a great many toilers throughout this fair land are daily being ground down.

Out of her slender pittance, Dora was compelled to furnish herself with chewing gum, popular novels, mixed pickles, theatre tickets, confectionery, guitar lessons, sheet music, and snide jewelry.

For her coarse and callous father, like too, too many fathers among the poorer classes, preferred to squander almost his entire earnings for meat, coal, and groceries, rather than provide his feminine offspring with French heels and perfumery.

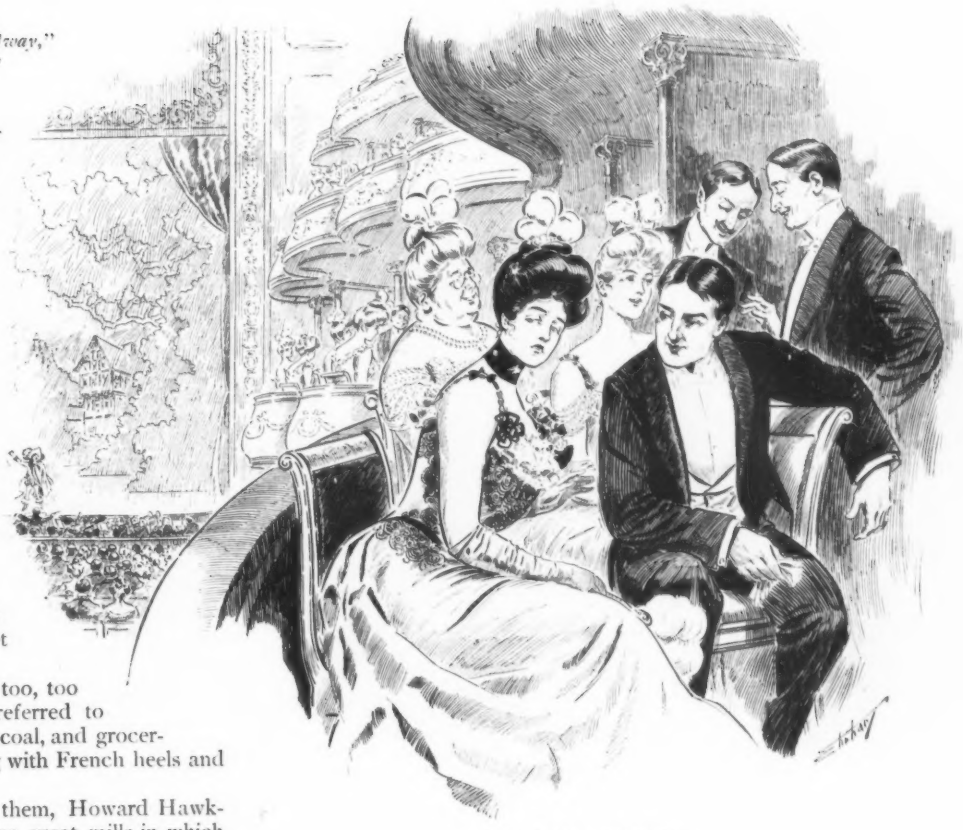
Pretty Dora had two lovers. One of them, Howard Hawkwood, was the only son of the owner of those great mills in which our heroine earned her daily gum. Howard Hawkwood, notwithstanding the fact that he had been brought up by a devoted and devout mother, was not a reprobate. On the contrary, he was an earnest, conscientious young man, who attended Sabbath-school regularly, and could explain the man-of-wealth-and-eye-of-the-needle proposition in a fashion eminently satisfactory to all religiously-inclined rich. It is difficult, in a popular love story, to conceive of a character named "Howard Hawkwood" who is not a scoundrel of the deepest dye. Nevertheless Howard Hawkwood was an honorable young man, and he sincerely wished to make Dora Horne his wife.

Our heroine's other lover was a young fellow who toiled in the same mills. Benjamin Adams, for that was his name, was poor, but dishonest; in fact, a man of totally depraved character. He got intoxicated whenever he possessed the wherewithal; beat Dora regularly every Saturday night, and had absolutely no spark of manhood about him. In a story of real heart interest, it is admissedly singular that an individual of this description should bear such a respectable name as that of "Benjamin Adams." Yet such was the case. Every Saturday evening, Howard Hawkwood was accustomed to wait for Dora, in order that he might protect her from the ungentlemanly Mr. Adams. He never knocked Adams sprawling with one backhanded blow, or anything of that sort, but usually gave a policeman five dollars for taking Ben into custody. As between her two lovers, Dora really had no preference; but a story of this kind requires complications, so she finally agreed to marry Howard Hawkwood.

* * *

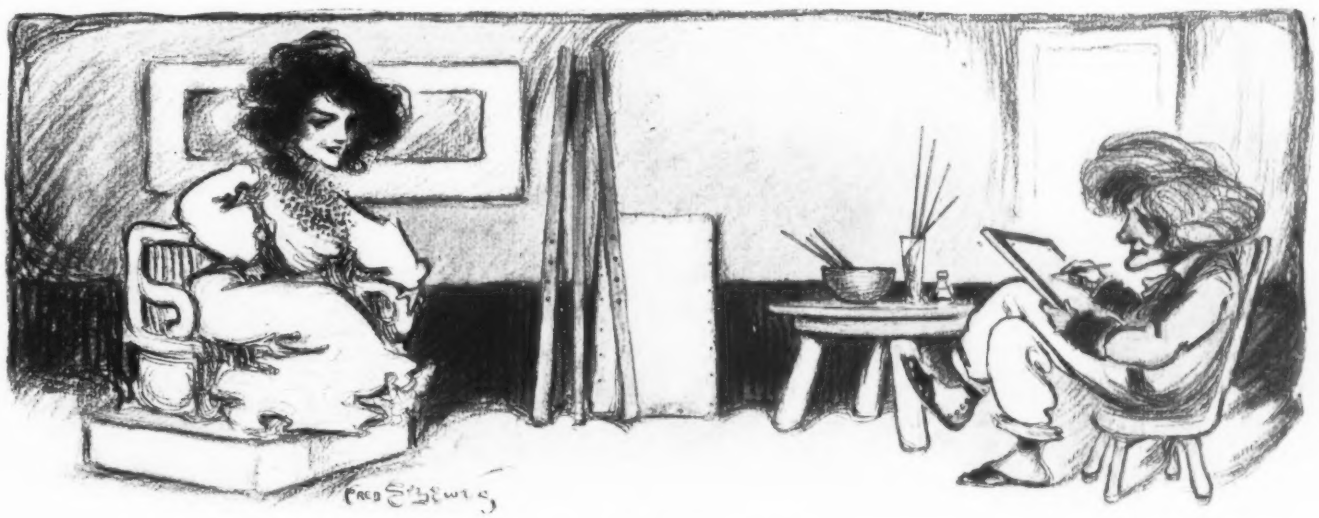
Howard scarcely knew how to break the news to his stern, undemonstrative father. Dora was pretty, and she was reasonably

(*Continued on Page Ten.*)



AT THE OPERA.

SHE.—What 's that strange noise?
HE.—Hanged if I know. Perhaps it 's some one singing.



AS TO ANOTHER ARTIST.

THE PAINTER.—I suppose he is married to Art, too.
HIS SUBJECT.—Yes? Art must have a good many more husbands than she possibly can support.

AT THEIR DISCRETION.

"But do these machines always tell your weight?"

"No, not always. Sometimes, after dropping my coin, I've found them absolutely non-committal."

Most people would rather be wrong than silent.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN THE LAND OF THE RISING TORPEDO.

THERE IS food for reflection, fascinating reflection, in Japan's deft use of the torpedo. It is as if each Russian battleship, sunk at Port Arthur, had thrust abruptly from the sea a large and inquiring interrogation point. Of what use are big guns, turrets and armored decks when the enemy is below the water line in the shape of a violent explosive? Truly, it is a timely question and one for the highest bred sea-dogs to answer. In stand-up, give and take warfare, heavy guns and tested armor plate are assets of some value. They count in the result. They carry weight. But in the presence of a well-aimed torpedo, and of other torpedoes about to be aimed, their fighting weight is dead weight, and they carry that to the bottom in a line geometrically vertical. In the mishaps to Russian shipping, however, lie the hopes of many of us for a genuine and lasting peace later on. With the remarkable, not to say astounding, development of the torpedo boat, must shortly come the equally remarkable development of the torpedo boat destroyer. A high plane of efficiency having been reached by the latter, the damage which torpedo boats may now inflict will thereupon be impossible. Which, of course, will necessitate another and new style of craft, designed to destroy the torpedo boat destroyers. Thus, after a time, war will become so intricate a game that not a nation on earth will be capable of playing it. This is all based, to be sure, on the theory that Russia put ships in the East, not to be sunk, but for some other purpose, known to the Czar. The Czar, however, is a sly fellow. And it may be that he has taken this way, this way of passive non-resistance, to more speedily arrive at that state of ideal disarmament which, as a lover of peace, he is said to sincerely desire.

NORTH BOUND RECIPROCITY.

WITH CUBAN reciprocity an accomplished fact, and the country as yet unterrified, reciprocity with Canada has again been respectfully mentioned. The subject is not a new one, but an old one which will not down. And it has the same effect upon the Infant Industries that a misplaced, testy pin is apt to have upon infants humbly human—that of making them squirm nervously and scream unpleasantly. We are not so unmindful of realities, of course, as to believe that reciprocity with Canada can be arranged expeditiously, with minimum discussion. "A plain duty," plainly defined, it took us five years to perform, and therefore much longer will a matter be in settlement in which the word obligation enters not. What is more, only "dreamers and theorizers" are in favor of reciprocity,—a fact which we have on the very best authority—so the prospect of its coming is distant, indeed. With an outlook wholly barren, however, there is one thing inconsistent. And that is the tremendous pains which some folks are taking, the arguments they are making and the experts they are quoting, in explaining, on general principles, the folly of reciprocity. If only dreamers and theorizers are in favor of it, there certainly is no need of all the talent, the high-power energy and literary output which are mobilizing to discourage it. Dreamers and theorists not often are taken so seriously. Perhaps there are others who fancy it.

* * *

Among those neither dreaming nor theorizing is the sturdy high-protectionist. In the most wide-awake and untheoretical manner imaginable, he tells us that reciprocity—yes, Canadian reciprocity—is nothing more or less than ruinous free trade. Thereupon he sits impressively, just as a lawyer does who has smashed an alibi. The thing is incredible, but true, for we have seen it in print. Reciprocity, in a measure, *is* free trade. And naturally, if free trade be ruinous, reciprocity is ruinous, too. That much should be plain. But, say the dreamers and theorizers, in lowering duties, you foster commerce, and fostering commerce, you build up communities and develop resources, none of which is a ruinous thing to do. Furthermore, if free trade is not ruinous between New York and New Jersey, adjoining states, it is unlikely to prove so between the United States and Canada, adjoining countries. It is hard, add the dreamers, for a nation like ours, which has prospered and expanded because of its free and unhampered inter-state trade, to shiver and chatter in abject fright because someone proposes an extension of that trade to the states north of us. But, on the other hand, if the tariff wall between Canada and the United States is really so indispensable in staving off disaster, it is quite obvious that the various states within our border, with their reckless trade and unrestricted commerce, are inviting a lasting ruin by their failure to build similar walls around themselves. Considering, indeed, how unprotected from each other we have been all along, our mere survival may be counted miraculous, to say nothing of our steady growth.

THE PROPER COURSE.

APPLICANT.—Yes, sir, I was a military expert on one of the London papers during the Boer war.

EDITOR.—Well, if you keep it quiet, you may be able to get a job.

AN AMENDMENT.

ASSISTANT.—Our correspondent reports that the Japs have a new and powerful explosive.

EDITOR.—Good! Say "it is reported that they are using radium to blow up the Russian ships."

THE OLD EXCUSE.

UNCLE RASTUS.—Bein' ez yo 's so brave, Misteh Rabbit, why jes' come down heah an' repeat dat trick!

THE RABBIT.—I 'd like to accept your challenge, Uncle, but I make it a rule to always draw the color line!

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

FLIRTATION UNDE

ON UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THIS RAPID AGE.

MADGE.—Did you take your chaperon with you to the play.
DOLLY.—Good gracious, no! It was n't fit for her to hear.

DORA HORNE.

(Continued from Page Five.)

good; but she chewed gum incessantly, and her vocabulary was comprised extensively of such maidenly expressions as, "it 's fierce," and, "hot air." When Howard took his mother to call, after listening to Dora's chaste conversation for awhile, the dear old lady observed: "Don't you think, my child, that the phrase, 'it is fierce,' is too frequently used by modern young ladies?" "Well, I should say so," was the cordial rejoinder; "why, it 's simply fierce!" Howard considered this extremely naive.

Howard's somewhat haughty sisters were greatly pleased with the match. They said society was so shallow. In reply to this, their father was wont to remark that it was lucky society was so shallow, or some of the specimens wading around in it would get drowned. From which it will be perceived that the elder Hawkwood was something of a Wag.

But, greatly to Howard's surprise, his father was also much gratified at the glad tidings. He said that it had been for years his dearest hope that his only son would find a mate among the unaffected, true-hearted girls in his mills. In fact, he had been running the factory at a loss for some time, simply through employing a sufficient number of young women to give Howard a wide field for observation.

Now that a choice had been arrived at, half the mills were accordingly closed down, and 4,000 girls were thrown out of work. Old Mr. Hawkwood, however, sent them a sample package of "Faked Wheat" each. And anonymously, too! He was often known to shrewdly say that one half the world always knows how the other half gives. But Hannibal Hawkwood was not one to make public his charitable deeds.

* * *

So Dora and Howard were married, and, after Dora had mastered the idea that the English butler should not be constantly sent out for beer, they got along very well. When they had been married two or three years, however, old Mr. Hawkwood became addicted to the use of his own breakfast food. The end of the poor old man was not long deferred, and, after his demise, the business began to go down. People got to eating ham and eggs, beefsteak and other breakfast foods of like description. The demand for concocted cereals fell off, and, in a comparatively short time, Howard Hawkwood found himself without a dollar in the world.

Then it was that he realized the advantage of having married a girl of the people. Without even waiting to remove her curl papers, Dora hustled forth and secured him a job at driving a truck.

Suppose he had married some pampered daughter of patrician ancestry! She would have known neither where nor how to secure him a job at driving a truck.

Will S. Adkins.

PUBLICATION.

The knight printed a kiss upon the maiden's red lips, and the dim old halls echoed with the sound thereof.

"Gadzooks! Can't you print without publishing?" exclaimed the Lady Alice, with just a trace of irritation.

THE IMPUDENT ARTIST.

MRS. NEWRICH *(in art store)*.—I 'd take this picture, but some person has been scribbling on it.

SALESMAN.—But, Madam, that is the artist's signature.

MRS. NEWRICH.—Well, he 's got his nerve. Still, I guess you could scratch it out, could n't you?

HOW HE PLACED IT.

"Now, how do you know it was on that particular day that you bought the diamond?"

"Mein cracious! Dot vos der day I vos eggzamined in supplementary broceedings!"

It 's a wise child that knows when to stop teasing its father.

BALLADE OF THE NAMING.

WHO 's to settle it? Who 's to say
How this matter of weight shall go?
Kindred questions of worth to-day
Must be answered at once, you know.
Wise diplomatist, pray bestow
Light hereon, if you think you can.
Shall it be — is it thus, or so? —
Panamaian, or Panaman?

Bid committees of state delay,
Let them patiently stand a-row;
Hold the juntas from far away
Arm's-length, long as you may, and Oh
Do a kindness for friend and foe;
Tell us which is the safer plan —
Spell it for us, and spell it slow —
Panamaian, or Panaman?

Here 's a señor whose best affray
Won his freedom without a blow.
Salutation is well — but stay —
While his voluble greetings flow,
While he 's bowing — so very low —
Is he (quick, lest he rise and scan
Indecision with cheeks aglow)
Panamaian, or Panaman?

L'ENVOI.

Sage, if neither will do, foreshow
Something choicer of title than
Either name, as the times outgrow
Panamaian or Panaman.

AFTER THE WAR.

The Jap had triumphed. The baffled Muscovite had asked for terms. After some negotiation the status of Manchuria and Korea had been agreed upon. "But," said the Japanese diplomats, "there must be an indemnity."

"How much?" said the Russians.

"Ten thousand million yen."

"Preposterous!" said the emissaries of the Czar. "We are willing to pay for the cost of the war but we will die in the last ditch before we will allow you to stick us with the cost of the ante bellum stationery!"

Nevertheless, Japan being firm, the erstwhile haughty Slav was forced to accept her terms.

WAR NEWS.

"Another great naval engagement is going on."

"Yes?"

"Yes. The roar of the guns has been heard on Park Row."

AN INQUIRY.

UNCLE JOSH.—They say the Republicans is goin' to revise the tariff after the Presidential election.

UNCLE SILAS.—Ain't it high enough?

PAYING THE PRICE.

MRS. DU BIOUS.—I guess I can get you into society by introducing you at Mrs. Cheatem's bridge parties.

NEWRICH.—How much will I be expected to lose?

REPETITION.

"There was a time when animal worship prevailed in civilization."

"Well," answered the man who reads everything that is published, "judging from the dog and elephant stories turned out by popular writers, I should say we are getting around to it again."—*Washington Star.*

SHORT ON PEACE.

"Lots er furrin' war talk now," said Brother Williams. "But, thank de Lawd, we got peace at home!"

Brother Dickey heaved a deep sigh, and said:

"'Fo' God, dat 's mo' dan I got!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

DETERMINED.

"Janie is resolved to go on the stage, is n't she?"

"Yes. I told her there were six thousand actors and actresses out of work just now, and she said that would give her a much better chance to get a place on the stage."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A PROBLEMATIC TOUR.

"Did you ever appear in a problem play?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Last season I was doing sums with hotel bills, time tables and box-office statements all the time I was out."—*Washington Star.*

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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SURBRUG'S

Arcadia

MIXTURE.

There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out. This is tobacco to live for.

My Lady Nicotine (p. 17.)

It is difficult to draw the line between the leisure classes and the lazy classes.—*Ram's Horn.*

America

is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only **Gold Medal** winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition—is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

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RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

ALERTNESS.

"What is your idea of a statesman?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "in my opinion, the successful statesman is the man who finds out what is going to be done and then lifts up his voice and shouts for it."—*Washington Star.*

EFFEMINATE.

"I 'm afwaid my valet has n't much awe of me, don't you know," remarked Cholly Gadalong. "Ah! well, they say 'No man is a hero to his valet.'"

"No," replied Kostick; "any man who would have a valet would naturally seem more like a heroine."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

EASIER.

"Yes," said the boarding school teacher, "I think that is a model letter for you to write your fiancé. But of course you will copy it, leaving out those numerous spaces?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied the girl. "Those are for 'dearest.' I have it on a rubber stamp."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THROWING ON AIRS.

THE SQUIRREL.—Great Cats! You darn near scared the life out of me!

THE CROW.—Huh! One would think you had lived in a city park all your life and did n't know what a suburbanite looked like!

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells Abbott's.

An infant forty years ago. To-day a mighty giant. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.* America's favorite.

THE LAST RESORT.

"He has whipped me three times," said the Boston boy.

"And now what do you intend to do?" the sympathetic neighbor inquired.

"I have proposed that we submit our differences to arbitration," the Boston boy replied.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A SITUATION MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Don't you know," said the man who scatters advice indiscriminately, "that if you did n't use tobacco you could own your own house?"

"You misapprehend the situation," answered Mr. Meekton. "If I used tobacco I 'd have to own my own house. Henrietta would never let me live in ours."—*Washington Star.*

A STORY OF A BEEHIVE.

"Yonder is the man who robbed you of the honey, my children," said the queen bee, "and he is going to lie down and take a nap beneath the tree."

"Who is the man bending over him?" asked the little bees.

"He is stealing the honey that the man stole," said the queen bee. "Now run out and play hide-and-seek in the flowers, and thank heaven you are not human!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

ROOM ENOUGH NOW.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Why did you change the title of "The Ladies' Home" to "Old Ladies' Home"?

MRS. DU GOODE.—It was becoming too crowded.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

WILSON WHISKEY

is always the same—New York—Chicago—San Francisco. When it isn't good it isn't Wilson.

THAT'S ALL!

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VIA
UNION PACIFIC
AND
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

FASTEST TIME
SHORTEST LINE
SMOOTHEST TRACK

Millions have been spent in the improvement of this line, and all human ingenuity has been adopted to protect its patrons against accident. The line is renowned for its fast trains and the general superiority of its service and equipment.

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Pears'

Few people know the comfort and beauty of perfect natural skin.

Have you used Pears' soap?

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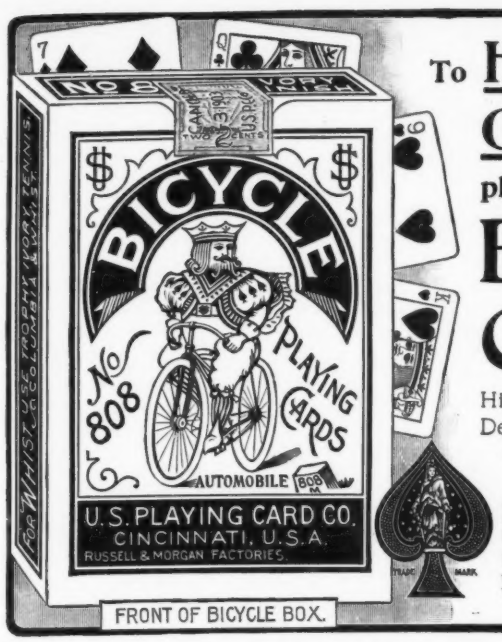

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CHURCH.—Can his motor car stop in its own length?

GOTHAM.—Why, it sometimes stops twice before it goes as far as that.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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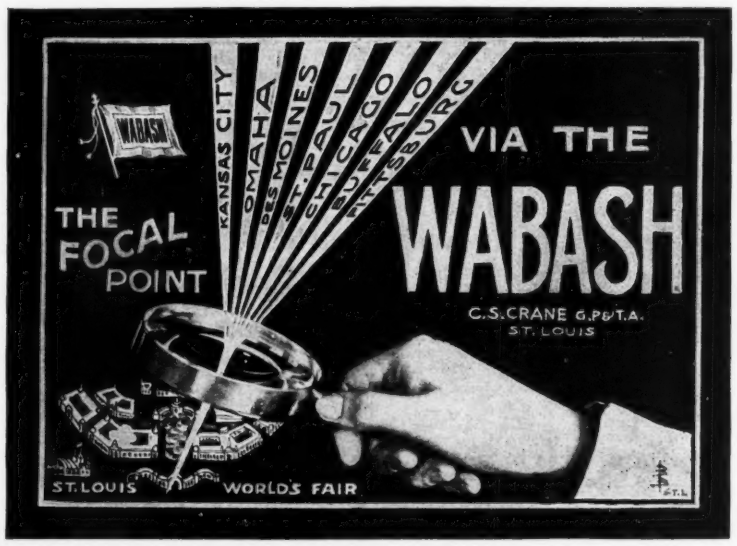

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—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Mrs. Petty.—It's a splendid bank; once the money 's in it 's impossible to get it out.

Mr. Petty.—Well—er—come to think of it, dear, I 'm so short of money I 'll just give Willie a tin horn or something.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

Like a Schooner.

Teacher.—Can you tell me what a dromedary is, Tommy?

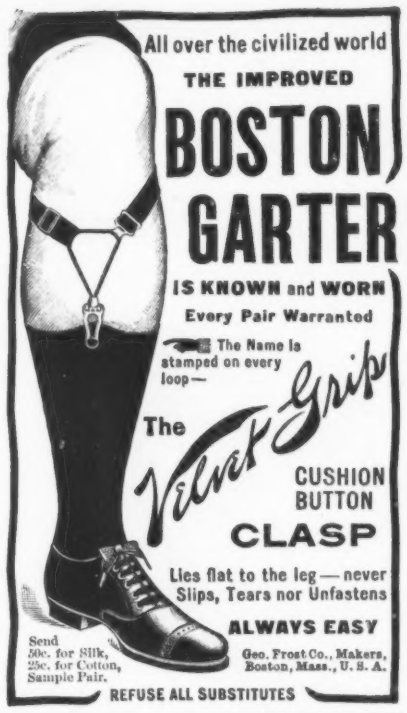
Tommy.—Yes, ma'am; a dromedary is a two-masted camel.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

An Equivocation.

"So your husband tells you that he never plays cards for money," said the neighbor with a sneer.

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley did n't say exactly that. He said he never gets any money by playing cards."—*Wash. Star.*

Praise on the tombstone does not scratch out harsh words in the life.—*Ram's Horn.*



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THE TIGER.—He claims to be a reincarnation of one of the Lions that did n't eat Daniel.